

# The Not So Secret Life of Pets

Word Count: 572

For the entirety of my life, my family has had pets. The very first was Snowflake, a gray cat who suffered from insane only child syndrome and resented me with every bone in her feline body from the second my parents brought their first born human child home from the hospital.

Of course we had our share of fish, because that's normal apparently. But after the tank exploded and ruined my moms IKEA bookshelves and vintage dictionaries, that was short lived. Just like the fish.

Pets came to us in the most peculiar ways. When I was 6, my parents borrowed a trailer from a church we used to go to and when they got home they found two kittens holding on for dear life. At least that's the story. Idk man, looking back sounds a little suspicious to me. Sounds like a questionably executed reverse "the dog went to a farm" deal. But here they were.

I wanted to name the brother and sister kittens Ariel and Jasmine, for obvious reasons.

My parents tried to explain to me that we can't do that because, and I quote, "THIS one is the BROTHER cat and THIS one is the SISTER cat."

Looking back, the fact that I have dyed hair and a septum piercing now is... making a little more sense. I think if my parents may have paid a little more attention to this interaction they would be a little less surprised about how I turned out. But alas.

Of course, we COULDN'T go with the perfectly crafted names I came up with. Hell, I would have even settled for Cinderella and Aurora, but that wasn't gonna fly either. Finally, after hours of back and forth, the poor kittens had names.

And take a wild guess what they were...

Brother cat and Sister cat.

Further down the line, a puppy came into our lives. A family friend of ours found a stray dog in our neighborhood, and when they went to get her fixed the camera crew of The Maury Show popped out from every crevice of the vets office. A few weeks later, 5 bastard puppies came into the world. One of which was black, and had a white diamond on the top of her head. And there came "Jewel."

Unfortunately we didn't really think that one through. Now, when we call for our "Jewel" to come inside, it sounds like we're manically calling for our lost nicotine. Damn, now that I write it out loud that's a bomb ass anti-smoking commercial idea. DIBS.

I did have the opportunity to name one of our family pets.

My moms friend showed up at our doorstep with a bunny one day in my youth. I really wish I was kidding. She dropped him off with all the fixins because her daughter couldn't care for him anymore. What led her to add him to the circus we had going on at our house? Beats me.

I had the perfect name for this little guy.

Being the hilarious genius that I am, I decided on the name Stuart.

For the sole purpose that for short we could call him our rabbit, Stu.

Like.. rabbit stew.

Sorry little guy, I didn't need to do that to you. You deserve something a bit more tasteful, something with a little more flavor, like Hasenpfeffer.

Sigh.

Let's just hope my future husband already has baby names picked out.